THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 23, 1802.

## CHARACTER *of* SUVARROF.

[From Secret Memoirs of the Court of Peterſburgh, Vol. III.]

AT the time of Catharine's deceaſe, Suvarrof, at the height of favour and fame, was at the head of a powerful army, which occupied all the ſouth of Poland, and extended to the ſhores of the Euxine. Paul had never been partial to this bigoted, reſtleſs, volunteering, enterpriſing general, who was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of Catharine, and her gigantic projects. On his part, Suvarrof, a Ruſſian in the full import of the term, and conſequently an enemy to that minute and pedantic German diſcipline with which his future emperor was ſo infatuated, had never cultivated his good graces. The corps which he commanded, ſo far from being remarkable for exact order and rigorous preciſion in the uſe of their arms, were almoſt always at the extreme borders of the empire, employed in fighting, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves only by that ſort of diſorder which characteriſes the ſoldier in the time of war. Paul, however, was afraid of this popular general, who was beloved by the troops; but he at firſt kept terms with him, and confirmed him in all his commands; he afterward ſent him orders to eſtabliſh the army on another footing, and to carry into execution the new military regulations. Suvarrof, who was attached to the old Ruſſian inſtitutions, and even to thoſe of Potemkin, well adapted to the national character, with which he was perfectly acquainted; Suvarrof, perſuaded that the troops which had ever been victorious could not but be on a very good footing, was not eager to conform to the orders of the emperor, and indulged himſelf in pleaſantry when he received them. This was wounding to the quick Paul I. who gloried in reforming and improving, in his way, his military eſtabliſhment, and diſcourſed

about the button of a gaiter, and the queue of a ſoldier, as of things the moſt important to the glory of his arms. He immediately ſent orders to the old general to reſign the command, and to quit the army without delay. The Ruſſian ſoldier, who like the French, is a ſongſter, had already turned into a ſong the bon mots of Suvarrof, which contributed not a little to throw ridicule on the new regulations.

We have ſaid above, that Suvarrof was a barbarian and a buffoon, but he was, perhaps, the fitteſt general for the genius of the Ruſſians; the ſoldier loved him, and the officer, though he regarded him as a burleſque character, fought under his orders with confidence. If Paul, in diſmiſſing him, had conſidered only his natural cruelty, or his folly, real or affected, perhaps the meaſure would have been applauded; but he appeared to aim at puniſhing the man devoted to his mother, and the thwarter of his military innovations, which were too abrupt and too ill directed. When old Suvarrof received the order to reſign his command, he choſe to communicate it himſelf to his army, which he drew up in order of battle. In front of the line roſe a pyramid of drums and cymbals. Dreſſed as a ſimple grenadier, but decorated with all his orders, with the portrait of the empreſs, and that of Joſeph II. Suvarrof harangued his companions in arms, and bade them a very pathetic farewell. He then ſtripped himſelf of his helmet, his coat, his ſaſh, his muſket, and all the marks of effective ſervice, which he depoſited on the pyramid, in the form of a trophy: "Comrades," ſays he, "there will come a time, perhaps, when Suvarrof will re-appear among you; he will then reſume theſe ſpoils which he leaves to you, and which he always wore in his victories." The ſoldiers were moved with indignation and grief; they murmured and lamented. Suvarrof quitted them in this manner, leaving the command to his lieutenant-general.

He retired to a ſmall houſe, which he had at Moſco; but a man ſo famous and ſo popular, whoſe diſmiſſion, after ſuch ſignal ſervices, cauſed a general ſenſation in the empire, gave umbrage to Paul in that capital where he was going to be crowned, and he iſſued an order for Suvarrof to be ſent away from Moſco. A major of the police entered one day into the retreat of the old warrior, and preſented to him this order, which baniſhed him to an obſcure village. With an air ſomewhat indifferent, Suvarrof aſked how much time was granted him for ſettling his affairs? "Four hours," replied the officer. "Oh, this is being overkind!" exclaimed the general; "an hour is ſufficient for Suvarrof." He immediately put his gold and his jewels into a caſket, and went out. A travelling coach was waiting for him at the door. "Suvarrof going into exile," ſaid he, "has no need of a coach; he can repair thither in the ſame equipage that he made uſe of to repair to the court of Catharine,

tharine, or to the head of the armies—Bring me a cart!" His will muſt be obeyed, and the officer was forced to perform with the old field-marſhal a route of 500 verſts in a kibitka: in ſummer this carriage is the moſt inconvenient that can be imagined; but Suvarrof was accuſtomed to it, travelling only in this manner, laid on a mattreſs, and wrapped up in his cloak. Having arrived at the village appointed, he took up his quarters in a wooden hut, under the ſuperintendance of the major and ſome ſubaltern officers of the police. No one durſt ſee him or write to him; and the veteran, habituated to the tumult of camps, and to a life the moſt active and buſtling, ſaw himſelf all at once completely inſulated. Reading, and the reflections which he had time to make during this diſgrace, had no ſmall influence on the remainder of his life. At laſt his daughter, married to a brother of the favourite Zubof, was permitted to pay him a viſit, which was ſhort, but at which Count Suvarrof ſeemed affected. The emperor, on his return to the reſidence, appeared alſo to relent by degrees, and wrote to him. A courier arrived, and delivered his diſpatch; on the cover was, in large letters—"*To Field-Marſhal Suvarrof.*" "This letter is not for me," ſaid the old warrior coolly, on reading the direction; "If Suvarrof were field-marſhal, he would not be baniſhed and guarded in a village; he would be ſeen at the head of the armies." The courier, ſtupified, in vain ſaid and repeated, that he had orders to deliver this letter to his excellency. However he was forced to carry it back ſealed to the emperor. On receiving it Paul manifeſted no vexation; but Suvarrof from that time was guarded more ſtrictly. Thus it is that a celebrated man, confident in his fame, and the public opinion, can ſometimes brave a deſpot.

Suvarrof was afterward placed at the head of the Ruſſian army acting againſt the French. At the battle of Zurich, in which he was engaged, the army, exhauſted by hunger, fatigue, and a thouſand privations, contemplated with deſpair thoſe ſummits covered with ſnow, which it was ſtill neceſſary to reach. The ſolders murmured, ſtopped, and refuſed to go further. Suvarrof cauſed a grave to be dug in the road, and laid himſelf in it: "Cover me with earth," ſaid he, "and here leave your general: you are no longer my children; I am no longer your father; I have nothing more to do than die!" Whereupon his grenadiers haſtened round him, requeſting with loud cries that they might ſcale the ſummits of St. Gothard, and thence diſlodge the French.

*Deſcription of a former Weſtminſter Election, written by Mr. Moritz, a literary Gentleman of Berlin, in his Tour through ſeveral Parts of England.*

THIS ingenious pedeſtrian, among other ſcenes which he witneſſed in London, deſcribes that of an election—which at the preſent time may not be unacceptable to our readers:—

"The cities of London and Weſtminſter (ſays he) ſend, the one four, and the other two members to parliament. Mr. Fox is one of the two members for Weſtminſter; one ſeat was vacant, and that vacancy was now to be filled. And the ſame Sir Cecil Wray, whom Fox had before oppoſed to Lord Hood, was now publicly choſen. They tell me that at theſe elections, when there is a ſtrong oppoſition party, there is often bloody work; but this election was, in the electioneering phraſe, an *hollow thing*, i. e. quite ſure; as thoſe who had voted for Admiral Hood now withdrew, without ſtanding a poll, as being convinced beforehand their chance to ſucceed was deſperate.

"The election was held in Covent-garden, a large market-place, in the open air. There was a ſcaffold erected juſt before the door of a very handſome church, which alſo is called St. Paul's, but which however is not to be compared to the cathedral.

"A temporary edifice, formed only of boards and wood nailed together, was erected on the occaſion; it was called the *huſtings*, and filled with benches; and at one end of it, where the benches ended, mats were laid, on which thoſe who ſpoke to the people ſtood. In the area before the huſtings immenſe multitudes of people were aſſembled, of whom the greateſt part ſeemed to be of the loweſt order: to this tumultuous crowd, however, the ſpeakers often bowed very low, and always addreſſed them by the title of *gentlemen*. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to ſtep forward and promiſe theſe ſame *gentlemen*, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties as their repreſentative. He alſo made an apology, becauſe, on account of his journey and ill-health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their reſpective houſes. The moment that he began to ſpeak even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging ſea after a ſtorm, only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of *hear him! hear him!* and as ſoon as he had done ſpeaking, they again vociferated aloud an univerſal huzza, every one at the ſame time waving his hat.

"And now being formally declared to have been legally choſen, he again bowed moſt profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour done him: when a well-dreſſed man, whoſe name I could not learn, ſtepped forward, and in a well indited

ſpeech

ſpeech congratulated both the choſen and the chuſers. 'Upon my word,' ſaid a gruff carter, who ſtood near me, 'that man ſpeaks well!'

"Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp poſts; and, as if the ſpeeches had alſo been addreſſed to them, they too liſtened with the utmoſt attention; and they too teſtified their approbation of it by joining luſtily in the three cheers and waving their hats.

"All the enthuſiaſm of my earlieſt years, kindled by the patriotiſm of the illuſtrious heroes of Rome, Coriolanus, Julius Cæſar, and Antony, were now revived in my mind: and though all I had juſt ſeen and heard be in fact but the ſemblance of liberty, and that too tribunitial liberty, yet at that moment I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. Yes, depend on it, my friend, when you here ſee how in this happy country the loweſt and meaneſt member of ſociety thus unequivocally teſtifies the intereſt which he takes in every thing of a public nature—when you ſee how even women and children bear a part in the great concerns of their country—in ſhort, how high and low, rich and poor, all concur in declaring their feelings and their convictions, that a carter, a common tar, or a ſcavenger, is ſtill a man, nay, an Engliſhman, and as ſuch has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well as his king, or as his king's miniſter—take my word for it you will feel yourſelf very differently affected from what you are when ſtaring at our ſoldiers in their exerciſes at Berlin.

"When Fox (who was among the voters) arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an univerſal ſhout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him ſpeak, and every one called out, "Fox! Fox!" I know not why, but I ſeemed to catch ſome of the ſpirit of the place and time, and ſo I alſo bawled, "Fox! Fox!" and he was obliged to come forward and ſpeak, for no other reaſon that I could find but that the people wiſhed to hear him ſpeak. In this ſpeech he again confirmed in the preſence of the people his former declaration in parliament, that he by no means had any influence as miniſter of ſtate in this election, but only and merely as a private perſon.

"When the whole was over, the rampant ſpirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine Engliſh mob, were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole ſcaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing elſe, was completely deſtroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thouſand long ſtrips or pieces, or ſtrings, with which they encircled or encloſed multitudes of people of all ranks. Theſe they hurried along with them, and every thing elſe that came in their way, as trophies of joy: and thus, in the midſt of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the moſt populous ſtreets of London."

PRESENT

## PRESENT STATE *of* VERSAILLES.

VERSAILLES has ſuffered by the revolution as much as any other place in France. The overthrow of the court, of which it was the reſidence, has converted it almoſt into a deſert. The ſtreets and houſes bear evident marks of decay and deſolation. The number of inhabitants, it is ſaid, is not a ſixth of what it was. The ſuperb palace has ſuffered little in its appearance beyond what neglect may naturally have produced. The heavy hand of the revolution is to be ſeen, not ſo much in its immediate violence, as in its effects. The principal ſuite of rooms in the centre of the palace is turned into a picture gallery, appropriated for productions of the French ſchool. It is called Muſée Special de l'Ecole Francais. It contains 384 objects of painting and ſculpture, not to mention the paintings on the ceiling, &c. which remain entire, In theſe, which are well known, Louis XIV. is exhibited in a great variety of ſituations, and all the vanity of this tyrant is gratified by the moſt fulſome flatteries which the proſtituted pencil could deviſe.

The rooms of the palace, among which will be diſtinguiſhed the bed-chamber of the queen, where the royal family were finally arreſted previous to their being ſent to the Temple and to the ſcaffold, have ſuffered no material injury. The gilding and decorations, indeed, are ſomewhat faded. Wherever the crown appeared it has been effaced.

The theatre is ſtill entire, and is occupied by detachments of the company of the theatre Francais. The ſuperb hall of the opera, which muſt have preſented ſo magnificent a ſpectacle, when brilliantly lighted up and adorned by the ſplendour of the court, is juſt in the ſtate in which it was left.

In a private room, to which the public are not indiſcriminately admitted, are ſeveral family pictures of the houſe of Bourbon. Thoſe that now attract moſt notice are Louis XVI. and his unfortunate queen. The queen has her three children beſide her. There are likewiſe pictures of Louis XV. his queen, &c. Theſe pictures are eagerly viſited and exhibited by ſtealth.

There is in the apartments of the palace a muſeum of natural hiſtory open to thoſe who are fond of this branch of ſcience.

The gardens are in much better preſervation than I expected. The walks, ſhrubberies, &c. are in pretty good order. The grand object of attraction yeſterday, however, was the diſplay of water-works. Several of the jets d'eau, in the different baſins played all the morning, and had a very agreeable effect. The baſins have been neglected, and ſeveral of them are covered with graſs. About ſix o'clock the exhibition began. Cataracts, jets d'eau, &c. in the various amphitheatres, which the luxury

of the court had created, were put in motion. The infinite number of people aſſembled went round the different ſcenes, and the works played in ſucceſſion, upon a ſignal given. The water was thrown to an immenſe height, and appeared in the ſhape of various columns, pyramids, &c. The ſun ſhining on them, produced reflections of light, the effect of which was very pleaſing. The whole terminated with a grand concert, if I may ſo call it, of an infinite number of inſtruments at once, in the great baſin to the right of the palace on the ſide of the gardens. Columns of living water ſurrounded the lake. Neptune and his tritons, and the whole hoſt of water deities poured forth the ſtream in infinite variety of ſhapes.

The populace ſeem to be proud of the right to parade at will over the ſuperb palace and pleaſure grounds of their ancient kings. What would Louis the Fourteenth have ſaid, had he known that his drawing rooms, his gardens, his grottos, his walks, ſhould be laid open to the profane rabble, and that the rude hind ſhould " tread on them daily with his clouted ſhoon."

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the admiſſion of all claſſes indiſcriminately is attended with no injury to the objects expoſed. Throughout the gardens boards are put up with a notice, " Reſpect aux proprieties nationales," and I do not think that the injunction is diſobeyed.

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## *Account of the Frankfort Eaſter Fair*, 1802.

FROM a ſcarcity of money, and a want of buyers, there was a great ſtagnation of trade at this fair. The uncertainty with reſpect to their future deſtiny, which ſtill hangs over the ſouthern provinces of Germany, could not fail to render many ſpeculations abortive, and to keep back the hands of thouſands who wiſhed to become purchaſers. The apprehenſions of the clergy, in the eccleſiaſtical ſtates, were evinced, by the many ſplendid church veſtments and ornaments, enriched with pearls and embroidery, which, during the fair, were transferred into the profane hands of circumciſed and uncircumciſed brokers; and the ſacred veſſels of gold and ſilver, which had been ſaved from the rapacity of the enemy, came forth from the hiding-places—only to paſs into the ſmelting-pot of the refiner. Single communities, and whole provinces, have not yet recovered from the exhauſted ſtate, occaſioned by the exceſſive contributions levied upon them; and, in the public treaſuries, ſome ſymptoms manifeſt themſelves that have an unfavourable effect on the condition of men holding offices under government, and of many families which uſed to live in affluent circumſtances; and this was an additional cauſe of the ſcarcity of money at the fair.

fair. But what, moſt of all, impeded the uſual courſe of buſineſs was, the new ſyſtem of tolls and duties, in the departments lately annexed to France, on the left bank of the Rhine, and the oppreſſive arbitrarineſs with which they are levied by the officers and collectors; for the proſperity of Frankfort, in a great meaſure, depends upon a free navigation of the Rhine, and an uninterrupted intercourſe with the countries on the left ſide of that river, by means of the road called the Thalweg. It is hoped, however, that the endeavours of the active commiſſioners for the four new departments, to remove ſome of the obſtructions to a free trade, will be crowned with ſucceſs.

The number of viſitors was conſiderably leſs than at the laſt autumnal fair; when the northern birds of paſſage, in their flight towards the great city on the banks of the Seine, reſted here for ſome time; they will more willingly flock to the warehouſes filled with Engliſh goods, as theſe articles have been prohibited in France, and conſequently muſt have much advanced in price. But, in particular, the merchants obſerved with ſorrow the non-attendance of many French buyers, who, ſince the ratification of peace, could, by a leſs circuitous road, and with leſs expence, ſupply their wants. Of Engliſh goods and manufactures there was an immenſe ſupply: and the prices they ſold at were low almoſt beyond comprehenſion; yet, certainly, more than a third of them remained in the hands of the merchants and agents, and were ſent to the Leipzig fair.

Of ſhews and exhibitions, for the entertainment of the idle and curious, there was every where a ſuper-abundance:—ſuch as the ſolemn opening of the fair, the panorama view of Toulon, at the moment when the French army, under the command of Cartoux, entered the city, in 1792; and Mr. Johney's men of a ſingular conformation; theſe are two brothers, whoſe ſkin, except in the face, the ſoles of the feet, and the palms of the hands, is covered with horny excreſcences like ſcales. It is remarkable, that this diſeaſe of the ſkin has been tranſmitted to the third generation, and probably will be to a fourth, as one of them is married. They are both of a ſtrong athletic conſtitution, and the eldeſt of the brothers is an expert boxer, as his grandfather likewiſe had been. Being laſt autumn at Göttingen, they were examined by Profeſſor Blumenbach, who has given a particular account of them in his Voigt's "Magazin für den neueſten Zuſtand der Naturkunde." Plays and balls were given at the theatre, which is one of the beſt in Germany. But it would be tedious to go through the long liſt of wax figures, metamorphoſes, harlequinades, rope-dancing, perſpective views, models of Chineſe ſhips, &c. &c.

In the warehouſes of the dealers in prints, paintings, and other works of art, many excellent articles were to be ſeen. The number of ſuch warehouſes has, of late years, conſiderably

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increaſed; and a taſte for the fine arts is more prevalent than formerly; but the German patriots had here likewiſe to lament the exceſſive influx of Engliſh productions, which were ſought after with a faſhionable eagerneſs by the rich buyers and amateurs, being frequently unjuſtly preferred to the more maſterly works of the native artiſts. The beſt and moſt choice collection was exhibited in Silberberg's warehouſe. Preſſel, the engraver and his daughter, likewiſe deſerve to be mentioned with particular commendation. Since he and his ingenious wife left London, he has reſided chiefly at Sode, the country ſeat of M. von Brabek, in whoſe gallery of paintings he copied, in a maſterly manner, the excellent Ruyſdaels. The prints from theſe pictures may be claſſed among the beſt that have of late been publiſhed in Germany. The ingenious artiſt here ſubmitted to the judgement of the public, ſome proofs of his new method of colouring copper-plates with oil-colours, in ſuch a manner that they nearly equal the originals. Juſtice require we ſhould ſtate, that almoſt at the ſame time this proceſs was likewiſe invented and employed with the greateſt ſucceſs, by Mr. I. R. Smith, engraver to the Prince of Wales.

## HISTORICAL ACCOUNT *of* ANTWERP.

CAMBDEN remarks, under the year 1576, "that all things were then in confuſion there under the Duke of Alva's government: the magiſtrates of the country were impriſoned, their goods violently ſeized, and all other kind of injuries done to the people; whereby the ſtates were driven to take up arms. And in that year Antwerp, the moſt excellent of cities, the moſt flouriſhing mart-town, without exception in all Europe, was plundered by the Spaniſh garriſon, who mutinied for want of their pay."

Yet this was nothing compared with what took place, on the Duke of Parma's entering that city with his army, in the year 1585, after a cloſe ſiege, whilſt Queen Elizabeth was concluding a treaty with the Dutch, to ſend 4000 men to its relief.

In giving a deſcription of this tranſaction, Famianus Strada, in his Hiſtory of the Low Country Wars, relates, "that they moſt miſerably plundered the richeſt port-town in all Chriſtendom, for three days together, to the valve of at leaſt two millions of piſtoles, beſide an infinite value of rich merchandize and furniture deſtroyed by fire. Almoſt 3000 of its inhabitants fell by the ſword, 1500 were either buried or trodden to death, and as many drowned in the Scheldt."

The ſacking of this city gave the finiſhing blow to the commerce of the Netherlands. According to Huet, the whole of the fiſhing trade removed into Holland, and the noble manufactures of Flanders and Brabant were transferred to other coun-

tries. A conſiderable part of the woollen manufacture ſettled at Leyden, where it flouriſhed till the French invaſion of Holland. The linen removed to Haerlem and Amſterdam. A third part of the merchants and workmen, who wrought and dealt in ſilks, damaſks, and taffaties, and in bayes, ſerges, ſtockings, &c. ſettled in England, of which manufactures we were at that time ignorant.

The reſt of the merchants of Antwerp, more eſpecially the proteſtants, would probably have ſettled here, had it not been for the aliens' double cuſtoms, which foreign merchants were obliged to pay, and from their excluſion from all companies or ſocieties of commerce. Even foreign journeymen were excluded from ſetting up to be maſter workmen, or partners in any trades but ſuch as our people were unacquainted with.

Thus, through the madneſs of Spaniſh bigotry, and of arbitrary power, commerce and manufactures, driven from the Netherlands, proved the means of increaſing thoſe in moſt of the countries of Europe, weſt and north of the Mediterranean, and of introducing them into ſeveral cities and towns, which had hitherto enjoyed neither the one nor the other: a moſt ſerious memento to the governors of nations!

To this perſecution of the Flemiſh proteſtants, Sweden is indebted for its greateſt improvements in the making of iron cannon, and of other iron, copper, and braſs manufactures. For before this time, moſt of the Swediſh iron was only run into pigs there, and then ſent to Dantzick, and other parts of Pruſſia, to be forged into bars: juſt as the Engliſh formerly ſent their wool into Flanders to be made into cloth by the Flemings.

Before this overthrow of the commerce of Antwerp, the once famous Gerard Malynes, in his treatiſe entitled Free Trade, printed in octavo, in 1622, obſerves, "that no nation trafficked ſo much to Antwerp, in bulk of ſtaple commodities, as the realm of England did. This, (ſays he,) is aſſerted by Botero, who relates, that two years before the taking of Antwerp, all the merchandize of Chriſtendom, which was vended there in one year, being valued by the officers of that city, the whole being divided into five parts, the Engliſh merchandize alone amounted unto four parts thereof."

Thuanus called Antwerp the moſt opulent city in the world: yet, as moſt part of her commerce was carried on by the ſhips of foreign nations, ſhe had not much ſhipping properly of her own compared with London and Amſterdam in our days. So that, when it was ſacked, the ſhipping removed to their own nations which was a principal reaſon that Antwerp was diſabled from recovering its former commerce; though the Dutch forts on the Scheldt below it was another, and a ſtill more cogent one.

In

In its glory it contained 13,500 private houſes, 42 churches, 22 market places, and 220 ſtreets: from the Scheldt, on which it ſtands in the figure of a creſcent, were cut eight principal canals into the city, for laden ſhips to go into the heart of it.

Not only England and Holland have happily felt the advantages of the wild conduct of Spain, in the perſecution of the proteſtants in the Netherlands, by a very conſiderable acceſſion of induſtrious manufacturers, but likewiſe many cities of Germany were, from the ſame cauſe, ſtocked with induſtrious inhabitants.

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*Deſcription of the celebrated Grotto in Hawkeſtone Park, in Shropſhire, the Reſidence of Sir Richard Hill, Bart.*

[From the Rev. Mr. Warner's "Northern Tour."]

THE walk up this declivity is extremely well managed, ſhutting out, by its depth of ſhade, the ſcenery intended to burſt upon the viſion at once from its elevated ſummit. Arrived here, we paſſed on to the grotto, one of the moſt novel, grand, beautiful, and extenſive works of the kind in Europe. The very happy approach to it is by a natural rent in the rock, diſcovered and cleared for the purpoſe laſt winter; which conducts to a ſub-rupal paſſage, about 100 yards long, 6 feet high, and 2 feet wide, cut out of the living rock about twelve years ago. From hence all light is excluded; ſo that directing our progreſs by feeling the wall, we continued our way in utter darkneſs for ſome time; till a ſolemn golden radiance appeared before us, as if ſhed from a different ſun than that which warms our globe, diſcovering a vaulted cavern ſupported by rude ſtone pillars.

The effect is magical, and the mind (turned out of ſober reality) indulges in fancies as pleaſing as they are imaginary; till reaching the excavated chamber, we find that this beautiful illumination is occaſioned by the ſolar light paſſing through ſmall windows of ſtained glaſs, ſo diſpoſed as not to be ſeen at a diſtance. Another gallery of large dimenſions and more numerous pillars is connected with this; where, by a ſimilar contrivance, a variety of different coloured lights are introduced, producing a prodigiouſly beautiful effect.—To this the grotto, properly ſo called is united, ſupported by pillars, and furniſhed in the accuſtomed ſtyle of theſe excavations, but with great ſplendour and expence. A door opens upon a natural ſtone terrace, immediately under the beetling ledge that crowns the ſummit of the auguſt rock ſeen from below, where we ſtood looking down a frightful precipice of 700 feet beneath us; with the

grand hill and its ruined caſtle before us, and a ſtretch of country to the right.

We now left the apartment, to return to the ſurface of the rock, but the wonders of this excavation were not yet exhauſted. Paſſing through another dark ſubterraneous cavern, we ſuddenly found ourſelves at the entrance of a ſmall chapel, where the light of purple hue, or rather, "darkneſs viſible," will juſt allow the eye to diſtinguiſh an altar, and other appropriate appendages. Whilſt contemplating theſe, a venerable figure clothed in the ſtole of a druid, ſlowly pacing from a dark receſs in the apartment, croſſed before us to the altar, made his obeiſance, and departed; leaving us much ſurpriſed at, and almoſt aſhamed of, the very ſingular impreſſion which our minds could be made to experience, even from childiſh toys, if preſented to them under particular circumſtances.

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## HINTS RESPECTING WILLS.

*By* Dr. Lettsom.

THE inſtinct of other animals for the protection of their young is equalled, if not exceeded, by the affection of man for his offſpring. The wants of the one are few, and the power of gratifying them is ſoon acquired; but thoſe connected with humanity are continually varying and augmenting; hence the ſuperintending care of age and experience ſcarcely terminates with life itſelf. Man, who with labour and ſolicitude acquires a property, naturally deſires to perpetuate it to his family and relatives. What he thus creates, he poſſeſſes a right, and feels a propenſity, to diſpoſe of among them; and this the law empowers him to do, under certain regulations, by will. Conſidering the anxiety and labour with which property is acquired, and the total uncertainty of human life; it is to me a ſubject of wonder, that any man ſhould ſuffer one hour to elapſe of uncertain time, without this ſecurity to his wiſhes. Sometimes indeed various embarraſſments, and the unſettled ſtate of family concerns, may induce individuals to poſtpone making a will; but no ſtate can be ſo unſettled, as to afford a juſt plea againſt making that, which, when once made, throws, as it were, a clearer light on the aſpect of affairs, and enables the individual to alter or modify many circumſtances conducive to future peace of mind.

There are ſome ſo inconſiderate as to imagine, that by making a will, they really ſhorten their own lives. Happily, however, common reflection muſt render this opinion not very general. Indeed, I am perſuaded, from long and repeated obſervation,

that

that ſo far from ſhortening, the ſatisfaction of having made a will, prolongs life.

Many diſeaſes of the human body depend greatly upon mental ſolicitude, and few things contribute more forcibly to alleviate ſolicitude than this ſecurity in the diſpoſal of property. This is particularly verified when perſons are attacked with ſickneſs without having made a will. It tends to aggravate diſeaſe, and renders them much more difficult to cure; inſomuch that the uneaſineſs and perplexity of mind occaſioned thereby, frequently bring on delirium early in the diſeaſe, or that agitation of intellect, as ſcarcely admits of a capacity to make a will at all. How often have I ſeen a weeping wife, and many an amiable daughter, plunged into the deepeſt diſtreſs, by this neglect of an affectionate huſband and father, who has inconſiderately put off the making of a will day after day, till, alas! the bewildered faculties render it too late to perform this act of juſtice to his family; and which often occaſions ſubſequent legal and expenſive deciſions, that ruin at leaſt many an amiable daughter; for the laws of primogeniture are calculated to entail miſery on the helpleſs female ſex.

In ſome inſtances I have known, that the diſeaſe has been ſo moderate, and the underſtanding ſo clear, as to admit of the making a will on a ſick bed; but when the patient has recovered, I have ſcarcely known an inſtance wherein he has not condemned the diſpoſition of a will made in the hurry of agitated ſpirits, with a mind weakened by diſeaſe, and influenced by the urgency of the occaſion, and the preſſure of ſurrounding objects. At the beſt, what a ſcene of melancholy reflection is preſented, at an awful period when the mind ought to detach itſelf as much as poſſible from pecuniary calculations! How many inſtances daily occur of ſudden deaths, from diſeaſe and from accidents, and from which none are exempt;—inſtances in which there is ſcarcely a moment between exiſtence and non-exiſtence; between life and death!

In civilized ſociety, where relations and connexions are multiplied, it requires much compoſure and calm reflection to diſpoſe of property by will, to the perfect ſatisfaction of the individual, even in health; but how impracticable then muſt it be for a perſon on a bed of ſickneſs, with doubts of futurity preſſing on intellect, to arrange his worldly concerns! Independent of this, I have found by experience, that the diſeaſes of perſons who have previouſly ſettled their important concerns, are much more eaſily cured; and thus in reality, that making a will while in health, really conduces to prolong life.

Under theſe views, deduced from long obſervation, I ſincerely wiſh that every perſon who regards his individual health and happineſs, and the ſuccour and comfort of ſurvivors, would not protract the ſettlement of his affairs by will, a ſingle day of an uncertain exiſtence.

I would

I would here have ſuggeſted, that it ſhould be one of the earlieſt inquiries of the attendant practitioner, if the patient has made a will; but unfortunately any queſtion propoſed by a phyſician on the ſubject, alarms the patient, who is apt haſtily to rejoin, "What, doctor, do you think I am going to die?" and afterward, too often, gives himſelf up to deſpair of recovery. In ſome inſtances, when health has been reſtored, the patients have told me, that ſigning their wills conveyed a terror as if they were ſigning their own death-warrants. The ſame alarm will not be excited by the ſame cautious and prudent interference of an intimate acquaintance, whoſe inquiries may be received rather as the reſult of friendly ſolicitude, than of ſuſpicion of danger; while thoſe of the phyſician, who is ſuppoſed to foreſee the event, muſt impreſs the mind of a debilitated frame with a dread of the moſt imminent hazard of life.

This is a further argument in favour of making a will in the ſeaſon of health; and ſo it appeared to the ſociety of quakers, who, a few years ago, expreſsly formed a minute of recommendation to each individual of the ſociety capable of it, not to poſtpone making a will, while in health of body and ſoundneſs of mind.

May I preſume here to recommend it, as a ſubject worthy of being occaſionally introduced from the pulpit, throughout the kingdom; for it cannot be indecorous to inculcate, in places deſtined to the worſhip of a Supremely Juſt Being, an act of moral juſtice to every family in civilized ſociety.

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## ANECDOTES *of* MAJOR M'KERRAS.

MAJOR M'Kerras was a lieutenant at Gibraltar during the memorable ſiege in the American war, where he was highly diſtinguiſhed by his profeſſional talents, zeal, and bravery.

After being ſtationed in the Weſt Indies, he went to St. Domingo in the year 1793, and as commanding engineer took a moſt active part in the fatiguing and dangerous ſervice of that iſland, where he was twice wounded. Of his uſeful exertions in that baneful climate, he received the ſtrongeſt teſtimonies from the different general officers in command, and before his return to England in the year 1797, he was rewarded by the rank of major.

After the death of the late gallant and much-lamented Lieutenant-Colonel Hay, who was killed at the Helder, Major M'Kerras went to Holland, and though he was too late for actual ſevice, yet his advice and aſſiſtance were highly uſeful afterwards.

He was commanding engineer with the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby in the Mediterranean, and was ſent from the Bay of Marmorice with Major Fletcher, of the ſame corps, a ſhort time before the ſailing of the fleet, to examine the nature and defences of the coaſt of Egypt, for the purpoſe of aſcertaining the moſt favourable point for a deſcent. In the execution of this important and hazardous duty, he fell by a muſket-ball from an armed veſſel of the enemy; and thus honourably terminated a life which had ever been eminently reſpectable, as well from private worth and virtue, as public ſervice.

## CURIOUS LAW CASE.

ON the 12th of January, 1802, a ſmall book club met in Suffolk to diſpoſe of the publications, which had been circulated through the ſociety during the preceding year, by a kind of nominal auctionamong their own members. The room, in which the ſale was held, was ſo ſituated as to be expoſed to the view of ſome neighbours who lived in the yard, and to their viſitors.

The ſociety not conſidering themſelves as doing any thing which was illegal, did not take any precautions to conceal the object of their meeting. A man, however, of the name of Smith, who was in training for the office of an exciſeman, obſerving out of doors a perſon in the room diſpoſing of books, in the manner abovementioned, came to the door, and with more than common aſſurance, abruptly entered the room. The members in general were ſurpriſed to ſee a ſtranger come in, but ſuppoſing that he had ſomething to communicate to one of the company, did not at firſt openly expreſs their ſurpriſe. One of the ſociety however, finding that this Smith, had no buſineſs there, went up to the perſon who was ſelling the books, and hinted to him that it would be better to ſtop the ſale for a minute or two. He then went back and told the intruder, that the company was a private one, and that ſtrangers were not to be admitted. Upon this the gentleman bowed, aſked pardon, and retired. While he was in the room, no book was ſold; but he, when in the yard, having peeped through the window, ſaw one or more diſpoſed of to the higheſt bidder, and lodged an information againſt the perſon who offered the books to ſale, for acting as an auctioneer without being duly licenſed.

The merits of the caſe were ſtated on Friday the 26th of March laſt, before two of the magiſtrates of Suffolk. It was contended, that the ſale did not come within the meaning of the act; the books having been ſold to ſuch perſons as had a previous intereſt in them; and the money ariſing from the ſale being deſigned for the purchaſe of more books, for the uſe of the ſociety. The magiſtrates expreſſed in ſtrong terms their diſapprobation

probation of the buſineſs, which had been brought before them, not conſidering the ſale as an intention to defraud the public revenue. They, nevertheleſs, conceiving, that they muſt be guided by the letter of the law, reluctantly fined the party; mitigating the penalty from fifty pounds, to two guineas, including coſts, which amounted to one pound ten ſhillings and ſixpence, ſo that only eleven ſhillings and ſixpence remained, half of which went to the informer.

## *On the* ADMINISTRATION *of* OATHS.

ARE not oaths adminiſtered upon occaſions too trivial, and in a manner too thoughtleſs and unconcerned, ſo as to wear off the ſolemnity of the act, and to leſſen, in the minds of the common people, the obligations under which they lay themſelves? Does it appear in our courts of juſtice, or in other places where oaths are taken, that they are adminiſtered with evident marks of profound reverence of the Almighty, or that thoſe who take them are impreſſed with a ſenſe ſufficiently affecting of the infinitely ſacred engagements into which they enter, by pawning the favour of God here, and their ſalvation hereafter upon their truth and fidelity? Let the thoughtleſs and the profane reflect upon the inconceivable greatneſs of that being with whoſe name they thus triſle.—Let them reflect that they are triſling with that being who made the univerſe, who brought them out of nothing, and ſupports them in life; who is of purer eyes than to behold "iniquity, in whoſe ſight the Heavens are not clean, and the angels are not holy;" and from whoſe hands they muſt receive their final doom.

## *A* HINT *to* PARENTS *and* TUTORS.

THE incalculable advantages of employing the early period of childhood in impreſſing religious ſentiments on the mind, will be felt through life; but ſcarcely any future advantages, however great, can atone for the neglect or miſapplication of thoſe important hours. It is certain that the happineſs or miſery of our lives depends more upon the uſe or abuſe of this intereſting period than is commonly ſuppoſed. Thoſe who have been properly inſtructed in infancy, will bear the ſmiles of fortune with moderation and gratitude, and its frowns with patience and reſignation, when called upon to encounter the one or the other, in the more advanced periods of life; but if they have been brought up in a neglect of religious ſentiments, and with an indulgence to the wayward propenſities of human nature, they will inevitably be proud and inſolent, wretched and diſſatisfied in the moſt ſplendid circumſtances, and equally deſpondent and dejected under the ordinary trials and afflictions of life.

## AN ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote is extracted from a work of the celebrated Madame Genlis, entitled "Souvenirs de Feluce:" During the early part of the reign of Louis XV. the young Count de Thiars was at Fontainbleau with the court; he was lodged in an apartment of the palace under that of Madame de Mailly, who was not at that time the *declared* miſtreſs of the king: ſhe was not then even ſuſpected of having an intrigue with him. The funnel of the chimney of the Count de Thiars's room opened into that of Madame de Mailly's, ſo that what was ſpoken near the fire-place in the lower room could eaſily be heard in the room above. One night the Count de Thiars was retiring rather late to bed, and going along the corridor, he met the Count de Biſſy, his brother, who walked with him to his room. It was the latter end of autumn, and the night was cold: the two brothers drew near the fire, and began to converſe about the king, whoſe character they treated with the utmoſt ſeverity. Their converſation was however ſuddenly interrupted by a dreadful voice, roaring down the chimney, "Hold your tongues, inſolent wretches!" It was the king's voice. The two brothers remained for ſome time ſilent and motionleſs; they gave themſelves up for loſt. When the firſt moments of terror and ſurprize were paſt, they began to conſult about the means of ſecuring their ſafety: at laſt they agreed that they muſt wait the event with patience and courage. They went, pale and trembling, to the king's levee next morning, expecting at leaſt to be ſent to the Baſtille. The king looked at them with great ſternneſs. Before this period the two brothers had been great favourites with the king. From that time till the period of his death, which was thirty years afterwards, he never ſpoke to them, or took the leaſt notice of them; they obtained no favours from the court, but never experienced any other mark of the king's diſpleaſure.

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## *A* HINT.

NEXT to the glory of being originally in the right, is that of ſeeing and acknowledging that one has been in the wrong.

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## *A* QUESTION, *by Robert Maffett, of Saltaſh.*

WHAT is the verſed ſine of a ſegment whoſe area is 336.6, cut from a circle whoſe diameter is 40. An anſwer is requeſted without algebra.

*Anſwer, by J. Lewis, of Poole, to T. Adey's Rebus, inſerted July 5.*

YOUR rebus I thought of when I was at leiſure,
And find that a POTTLE's deſign'd for a meaſure.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. Paſcal, of Briſtol; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; Recluſe, of Awlifcombe; H. H. Tullidge, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; Egbert Moon, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; and Sobrius, of Carvoth.

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*Anſwer, by T. Richards, Jun. of Helſton, to Juvenis's Charade, inſerted July 5.*

WHEN ſpring delightful reigns I love to rove,
And pluck the ſhining COWSLIP in yon grove.

*†* We have received the like anſwer from J. Paſcal, of Briſtol; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Callaway, of Stalbridge; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; J. Sweetman; W. England, and H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter; E. Moon, W. Strong, and Henry Humphreys, of Exeter; John Whittle, of Upway; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; and Sobrius, of Carvoth.

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*A* REBUS, *by Recluſe, of Awlifcombe.*

A Colour firſt I'd have you find;
And next a title call to mind;
A bird, kind Sirs, you will ſelect;
A foreign city next inſpect;
Him next who made the earth and ſkies;
A Britiſh county laſt deviſe:
Britons! with extaſy my whole revere,
"Long may he proſper!" Be the wiſh ſincere!

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*A*CH ARADE, *by Sobrius, of Carvoth.*

MY firſt the ſky doth often veil,
When ſun nor moon appears;
My next a watch that ſeldom fails
To follow on their cares.
Connect my whole, 'twill bring to light,
And evidently ſhew,
A character I much diſlike—
So now, kind gents, adieu!

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*An* ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

WHEN the bright orb of day withdraws its light,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to night,
Whoſe ſable veil envelope's hills and plains,
While ſolemn ſilence unmoleſted reigns,
Should you, ye bards, by contemplation's pow'r,
Be led to ſtray, and ſpend one ſacred hour
In yonder grove, or thro' the diſmal glade,
Where ſullen gloom diſplays its awful ſhade—
There, perchance, may ſtrike your wandering eye,
Call your attention, cauſe you to draw nigh
To view a pallid form—no ghoſt, no ſprite,
Tho' cloath'd with luſtre in the dead of night.

# POETRY.

## LINES *written on viſiting* SIDMOUTH, *in* DEVONSHIRE.

NOW reigns a ſolemn ſtillneſs o'er the deep,
No ruder blaſt diſturbs the general peace;
Serenely ſmile the ſkies, and every wave
Dies with a gentle murmur on the ſhore.
Now ſinks the glorious regent of the day
Behind the weſtern cliffs, and eve reſumes
Her modeſt ſceptre. O'er the ſmooth expanſe
The ſhadowy breeze is gently ſeen to move,
Its track diſtinguiſhed by a darker ſhade.
The ſea-gull flutters in the duſky air,
Whoſe quick tumultuous cry makes ſilence ſeem
More ſilent; while, above the briny wave,
The floundering dolphin ſhoots the pointed head,
And calls imagination to ſurvey
Ocean's vaſt progeny; the caverns deep
Unfathomable, immenſe, where lie conceal'd
Unwieldy forms, peopling the dark abyſs.
Soon from heav'n's concave looks the paler orb,
Whoſe changeful rule the ebbing ſeas obey
Upon the ſubject tide, and ſoftly pours
Her trembling radiance down: on that bright track
The eye delighted dwells, and ſeems to trace
Ideal ſhapes in robes of pureſt light,
With gentle minds inform'd, that love to glide
O'er the calm boſom of the ſwelling main,
Beneath the lunar beam.

*Exeter.* J. H. B.

## *On the* RECOLLECTION *of* YOUTH *in* AGE.

[From Bidlake's "Youth, a Poem."]

THE rapt'rous theme how age will lengthen out,
Chain'd to the elbow-chair with tyrant gout;
Talk of his boyiſh days, each active feat,
Each well-plann'd miſchief, and each truant cheat.
While renovating ſpirits light his eyes
In momentary youth behold him riſe!
Hug the rude grandchild, fling aſide the crutch,
And cry, "How flown the days ſince I was ſuch!"

Repos'd beneath the church-yard's ſheltering yew,
While all the village ſtretch'd before his view,
Oft have I heard an old loquacious ſwain
Praiſe all the paſt, the preſent all arraign.
"Yon manſion, nodding now in proud decay,
"I knew, he ſigh'd, in its moſt ſplendid day.
"There kind reception humble friendſhip found,
"And feſtive gladneſs roar'd the roof around;
"Good will attracted there the neighb'ring poor,
"While hoſpitality ſpread wide the door.
"There thoſe, who went o'erwhelm'd in ſhow'rs of grief,
"Saw thro' its clouds the rays of hop'd relief.

"Swift

" Swift as the miſt diſſolves before the day
" The ſun of bounty chas'd their tears away.
" A ſure retreat there modeſt merit found,
" And charity alone on falſhood frown'd.
" The feeling maſter op'd his lib'ral hand,
" And ſcatter'd plenty round his menial band;
" The buſy wife bade ſorrow leap with joy,
" Benevolence her art, her ſole employ.
" Skill'd in the uſe of ev'ry herb that grew,
" Diſeaſe before her healing mercy flew:
" She ſought the hamlets in her daily round;
" The ſecret cell of ſilent ſorrow found.
" E'en thoſe receiv'd relief who never knew
" To whom the debt of gratitude was due;
" And piety, beyond all hope redreſs'd,
" The miniſtry of providence confeſs'd.
" Few were the poor; reproof had force of law,
" While coward vice ſhrunk back from virtue's awe.
" Thus decency prevail'd; the name of friend
" Preſerv'd the breaſt which juſtice could not mend.
" Ah then! the crowded church, with heartfelt lays,
" Reſounded loud the Great Creator's praiſe.
" Ah then! ſtout induſtry, of ſwarthy brow,
" Bade the rich fields with brighter harveſt glow.
" Nor ragged ſloth, nor hot diſtemper's rage,
" Child of intempe'rance, haſten'd nerveleſs age.
" Behold yon ſtraw-wove roof within the glade,
" That claſps the friendly elm-tree's ſhelt'ring ſhade!
" There liv'd my happier ſire, and left it mine;
" And there in times degenerate I decline.
" Ah! can I e'er forget the boyiſh day!
" The ſoft rememb'rance now retards decay.
" Dear was that home! and dear the mother's ſmile,
" That ſooth'd the ſchool's hard diſcipline a while,
" When peeping forth, with love-illumin'd face,
" She held her darling in the fond embrace.
" But now the country wears a darker hue!
" And flown, all flown, the joys my childhood knew!
" Shrunk by the hazard of the faithleſs dye,
" The woods, hewn down, in cumb'rous ruin lie.
" No welcom'd voice the vacant dome returns,
" While damp walls round the ſullen echo mourns.
" The crumbling piles a frequent maſter own,
" Who flies reflection, ſeeks the madd'ning town;
" Flies the calm bliſs that ſooths the virtuous breaſt,
" While priſons yawn to catch their ſpendthrift gueſt.
" Ah waſte, neglected meads! Ah tangling groves!
" Tuneful no more with harmleſs warblers' loves
" To him who freſh at morn or evening roves.
" Now vice-worn beggars crowd the dreary fields,
" A ſcanty crop where unwoo'd nature yields.
" O'er the chill grounds, no more by toil array'd,
" Dull penſive ſadneſs caſts perpetual ſhade."

And I, can I forget the parent's dome,
The dear attachments, and the native home?
How pin'd my reſtleſs thought each irkſome day,
Torn from the centre of delight away!
E'en then, when riper years firſt bade me try
The vainer world, and dear experience buy,
How ſtrong th' attracted ſoul would vibrate there
Where ſcarce was felt one pang of bitter care!
Sigh for the happy ſpot where calmly dwelt
Sweet, ever-ſmiling peace, content heartfelt.